The Seed Sower.

A Magazine for the Church, the School, and the Home.

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Harmony.

The calm, smooth hills stretch down
Till the far grey sky is kissed,
Soft green and russet brown
Melt into a purple mist.

Peace, and a solemn pause
In the endless march of days,
Man at one with his cause
In the haunts of ancient praise.

Voice from a spirit shore,
Caught up on the murm'ring wind:
Song of the soul, no more
Estranged from the fitful mind.

Rest below and above,
Consent to the spoken word;
A world of silent love,
Sufficient, supreme, unstirr'd.

Clent Hills. J. DRINKWATER.

Blessed are the single-hearted; for they shall enjoy much peace.—*Thomas à-Kempis.*

His Will is our peace.—*Dante.*

Peace let us seek—to steadfast things attune
Calm expectations.—*Wordsworth.*

Peace is what all desire; but all do not care for the things that pertain unto peace.—*Thomas à-Kempis.*

"Nature Red in Tooth and Claw."

It is the custom to quote this line from *In Memoriam* as if it were Tennyson's creed, and as if the poet believed that nature is only cruel. But the very verse from which these words are taken sets forth a happier faith—the faith of a man

> Who trusted God was love indeed,
> And love Creation's final law—
> *Tho'* nature red in tooth and claw
> With ravine shrieked against his creed.

The apparent cruelty of nature does not shake his conviction that Love reigns supreme, and that the law and order of the universe, which are so unrelenting and often entail so much pain and suffering, are the working out of Love's purposes.

Yet our modern conception of law as inexorable, unbending, unheeding, never interfered with, never turned out of its way by prayer and entreaty, has added new force to the old charge of nature's cruelty. Nature, we have been told, is like the spotted panther, most playful, yet most treacherous; most beautiful, yet most malignant. It acts at times after a fashion that makes the heart stand still with terror, as in an earthquake, a tornado, or a

flood. Fearful enough nature looks to the ignorant savage, who thinks it crushes him from mere caprice. More fearful still does science make nature appear when she tells us that it crushes not by caprice, but by necessity; not by ill-will, but by inevitable law. But is it true that we are only helpless particles whirled about in the storm of things? Is it true that we are only as toys tossed to and fro by nature's gigantic forces, earthquake, miasma, disease, scorching heat, and pinching frost? Is that all, or is it the most, nature has to say to us? It is a terrible thing to believe that nature is governed by universal law, unless we believe that there is a wise giver and a just administrator of that law. If love is not the secret and mission of law, then science delivers us over to a worse terror than the savage felt when he thought nature was governed only by caprice.

Yet we must face the facts, whatever they are. If nature is indeed cruel, then we must confront that cruelty with as brave a heart as we may, nor blind ourselves to the facts because they are so uncomfortable. But is there not another, and a very much larger, series of facts in nature's dealings with man besides those which wear a cruel aspect? Pains, disasters, wrecks, and sufferings are in abundance, yet these are not all the tale. It may be doubted if they are a tithe of the tale. We may so dwell upon the horrible facts of some lazar-house, leper-colony, epileptic ward, as to lose sight and count of the millions of healthy, happy people outside, and we may come to judge all nature and all the government of the world by what is painful and shocking under abnormal conditions The truth is we are much more impressed by the exception than by the rule. A day's toothache is more vividly remembered than seven days' perfect health. The failure of one harvest impresses us much more than the fulness of a dozen years of plenty. The tornado that engulfs a merchant fleet in an hour blots out of the mind the thousands of ships that sail and arrive in safety. My complaint of the pessimists is that their range of vision and facts is too narrow. They have need to widen their horizon and take in much that often passes without notice just because it is so common. Does not the sun shine and the gentle rain from heaven fall upon the place beneath? Are there not exhilarating days in spring, and pomps of summer and golden harvests? Is not the earth fruitful? are not the stars kindly? Are there not roses and lilies, and children's laughter, and man's friendship, and woman's love, and human beauty, and running waters, and stately hills, and blowing clover, and dancing daffodils by the lake, and hands strong for labour, and youth rejoicing in its vigour, and young love, and sweet homes, and days of peace and sunshine? Is there any life which is all sombre and sad? It is not among the poor in slums, nor among the sufferers in hospital wards, you will find the disease of pessimism. Pessimism is a disease of the well-to-do, the idle, the cultured whose culture has taken a wrong turn. The great workers, whether in politics, or in war, or in science, or in mechanics, or in commerce, or in literature, or in art, are not pessimists. It is not they who ask, "Is life worth living?" The sweetest and most hopeful souls I have known have been men and women on whom nature seemed to wreak her cruelty. They have still found it good to live. When the balance is struck what does the misery of life count against its happiness? The background of life, its eternal sky, is not a mass of dark clouds with here and there a streak of blue. The background is the everlasting blue, with occasional clouds floating across it.

If life be not good, how do you account for this tremendous fact—man's willingness, nay, man's eager desire, to go on living? In face of all the dark and gloomy, in spite of the assertion that life is so sad, mean, poor and disappointing that it is not worth living, there is the fact of man's boundless clinging to life. It is not only as Tennyson puts it,—

> No soul in which was healthful breath
> Hath ever truly longed for death,—

but it is also that not even the pain-stricken, unfortunate and crippled long for death. It is but rarely you meet with one even in a sick room who does not wish to live on, or who finds life so cruel that he elects to perish? Why do men wish for longer life except that on the whole they have found nature kind and the scheme of things attractive and pleasant? It is true that the sight of the shipwrecked, the crippled, the consumptive, and those who are

beaten in the race, and those who are cruelly wronged, sinks into the heart of the generous observer, and makes him sometimes complain that nature is pitiless. But the very complaint is in itself a homage to the worth of life, and no one can urge it without answering himself. Someone has said that if life is not good it is at least interesting—so interesting that it is a blessing to have it and behold it and play our part in its movement.

And what education would sympathy (that divinest and happiest part of a man) receive were it not that life had its troubles and nature its hardships? It is much to have sympathy with the happy, and it may be admitted that this is a branch of sympathy too much neglected. There are those who have much sympathy for men in pain and distress, but who fail to get into sympathetic touch with the strong and joyous. In so far their sympathy is narrower than it ought to be. Yet it may be doubted if sympathy does not depend for nine-tenths of its education on the presence of sorrow, trouble, disaster, distress. It is then we most forget ourselves and live in the life of others. Nor is the life of the sufferer without its precious balm. In many a home the crippled child or the disabled mother has trained to tenderness and consideration the habits which would else have been self-seeking and frivolous. Men have thanked God even more for the invalid than for the healthy. This has rarely been set forth with more simplicity and pathos than in W. Locker's little poem, "The Widow's Mite."

A widow—she had only one!
A puny and decrepit son;
But, day and night,
Though fretful oft, and weak and small,
A loving child, he was her all—
The widow's mite!

The widow's mite—ay, so sustained,
She battled onward, nor complained,
Though friends were fewer;
And while she toil'd for daily fare,
A little crutch upon the stair
Was music to her.

I saw her then; and now I see
That, though resigned and changed, she
Has sorrowed much;
She has, He gave it tenderly,
Much faith; and carefully laid by
A little crutch!

* * * * * *

The noble army of the benefactors of mankind whose names the world will not forget, consists of men and women whose hearts have been smitten by some great compassion, and who have given their lives a ransom for many. Without pain and sorrow it would seem that character could not grow to its perfect flower. The world, in fact, would be an insipid place without its element of tragedy, its call to endurance, its necessity for both daring and patience. Take away the stories of men who have sacrificed and suffered and dared and died, and who would care to read the history of our world? Remember George Meredith's great saying,—"There is nothing the body suffers that the soul may not profit by." Who has not in times of depression been moved by Browning's line, "Where pain ends, gain ends too." Or here is Herbert Spencer—(Saul among the prophets!)—"All punishment as we see it wrought out in nature is but a disguised beneficence." Paul and Marcus Aurelius and Buddha and Shakespeare might be quoted to the same effect. They all give the lie to the assertion that nature is cruel and life evil.

JOSEPH WOOD.

The Scotch Case—and Ours.

(AN IMAGINARY INCONSEQUENCE.)

We had resolved to become apostolic. We took our holidays together and, except pipes and tooth-brushes, we had all things in common. Moreover, in the language of the primitive record, we did take our food with great gladness and singleness of heart, praising God under the open sky and having no small favour with the people.

The *Advanced* was watching the incoming tide as he worked at a purple patch for his next sermon. Already he had reviewed and refuted the Heraclitean theory of life. History was not a futile flux. True, that at any one moment each wave seemed to lose precisely what it had gained, but Progress not Reaction was the tidal law, and over the caprice of the waves swung the irresistible flood.

Free Catholic gazed up dreamily beyond the wheeling gulls, beyond the leisurely clouds, letting his soul dilate in the infinite ether. He

had discovered at last a Nameless Church, high enough and broad for the expansive spirit of man: and the blue dome made the pomp of St. Peter's ridiculous.

The *Ritualist* looked at the foamy rim of the grey-green water feeling with subdued ecstacy how like was the sea to a High Priest's miraculous robe fringed with a frothy lace of wondrous workmanship.

The *Literary Man* filled another pipe with his own incomparable mixture and puffed on.

"It will do good," said *Ecclesiastic*, decisively shutting his book with a bang.

"I'm absolutely sure of that," said the *Literary Man*, "or I shouldn't be an optimist, —but what may 'it' in this instance refer to?"

"Scotch case — just finished the official report. It will do good," he repeated.

"You mean," said *Free Catholic*," that it will make the churches go in for free and open trusts?"

"Free and open twaddle! I mean that it will compel theologians to understand that the morality of our scribes is less lax than that of our prophets. What the House of Lords said to the U. F. Church was this—'You fashioned your own yoke: wear it; or leave the Free Church to the godly remnant that is still prepared to bear its burden and exult.' Its fantastic and its harsh, but its a rod of discipline which must wake up orthodoxy to something approaching intellectual sincerity. After all, if the Free Church men want to be Voluntaryists they ought to quit institutions founded on the Establishment principle. If they don't believe the Confession of Faith let them repudiate it openly and not try to crib the New Theology by evasive Declaratory Acts. They want to drink the new wine and pilfer the old bottles."

"Then you appear to agree with me," suggested *Free Catholic*, tentatively, "that new wine demands free and open trusts."

Ecclesiastic whistled in mock amazement. "My dear fellow, I haven't said a word to hint such an absurd *non seq.* Your shibboleth means no bottle at all and spilt wine. Every Ecclesiastical student, not hopelessly detached from the actualities of history, recognises that we must have doctrinal trusts. When we call our churches 'Unitarian,' we are only recognising this in our own way. What this judgment seems to declare is that the New Theology must be honest enough to build on the trusts of the New Theology."

"And when the new theology becomes in its turn the old theology?"

"Oh, then the 'New' men of the future must clear out leaving the dead to bury their dead."

Free Catholic was unconvinced and persisted: "So you would abandon the hope of carrying on the heritage of the past into the present as an unbroken but modified tradition, and compel every heir-at-law to become the colonist of a new territory?"

"Not a bit of it," answered *Eccleciastic*. "In the first place you might have definite doctrinal trusts coupled with a frank proviso for periodical revision. But, secondly, I believe in the attainableness of doctrinal truth. I don't think, as you seem to, that Truth is a kind of carrot before a donkey's nose, alluring him on and on but never to eat and enjoy. Christianity is surely capable of being stated in terms that will stand for all time, and its for the churches to discover those terms."

"Unitarianism is good enough for me," said *Advanced*, abruptly, "and I am prepared to build chapels on it. If you are not willing to rear a mere pile of bricks and mortar to witness to the fixity of your intellectual convictions— what is the value of them? *Free Catholic* talks endlessly of the spiritual basis of the Church Universal, but all the time his eye is fixed on the legal basis of the Chapel Particular. He wants to feel that the *property* is safe through all the changing hazards of his heresies. I suspect that its not the Ideal Church that he is anxious about but the material fabric. He is afraid that the Attorney-General may upset things when the congregation is led by the apron strings of Mrs. Besant or Mrs. Eddy."

"Bravo!" cried the *Literary Man*, "hit him again! The fact is that his mind is more obessed by the dreary possibility of error than inspired by the sanguine probability of truth."

"On the contrary," said *Free Catholic*, good-humouredly," it is precisely because I think my individual opinion true that I don't believe in it,—that is, as a basis of church union. I am so perfectly satisfied of its invincible truth that I confidently let it look after itself. If I

distrusted its immortality I might be tempted to raise a pyramid to perpetuate its mummy. But though I am certain of what I accept as truth, I am equally certain that Truth itself is a developing Reality, not a fixed and final system. Or, to put it more accurately, it is the human mind that is the developing reality. Truth is Eternal, while we grow *in time* into it. Creed-bound churches are therefore already, or must shortly become, the garnished sepulchres of extinct theologies. Our faith in the unconquerableness of Truth is shown by trusting its future to free trusts; whereas the strictness of the close trusts of orthodoxy is the exact measure of its secret infidelity."

"Its more than possible," suggested *Advanced*, who had been somewhat confused by recent "pragmatist" theories "that there may be no *one* Truth, but only *many* truths. We may, therefore, always need different creeds to suit different minds: and different creeds may be totally and self-consistently true. There may be, so to speak, fish-minds that live in the sea and die on dry ground; and land-minds that live on earth and drown in water. Both are right, and *completely* right in their own elements, and both are for ever irreconcilable."

"You would take the kingdom of truth with some violence of illustration," said the *Literary Man*, genially. "But it does not help us, for *Free Catholic* is an amphibious creature, that can swim and fly, and walk and burrow."

"But surely not all at once," retorted *Advanced*. "He may be inclusive, but he cannot be really synoptic. When he thinks he is, he is only adjusting his mind at several moments to the angles of several truths, not reconciling them with each other. Even if he were able to look at these several truths from the point of view of some translunary 'higher unity,' even so his amphibious church would be suited only to like multi-minded amphibious monsters—not to your plain, ordinary beast."

The discussion was getting dangerously abstract, when *Ritualist*, who had been musing sweetly on the murmur of the sea, which broke upon his fancy as the Gregorian Chant of the Cosmos, joined in. "The real objection," said he, "to this or that creed is not that it is false. The unveracity of a creed should offer no difficulty to an educated intellect. No verbal statement is adequate to express the truth. Words are but sound and smoke. We cannot open our lips except in lies—"

"Speak for yourself, dear boy," broke in the *Literary Man*, emitting a cloud of unsanctified incense.

"The best media, therefore," continued the *Ritualist*, unperturbed, "for the expression of religion are necessarily ritual gestures and ceremonial postures, stately groupings and processions, flashings of light, music, and all art—in a word, symbols and the great silence. These things, happily, mean different things to different minds—they avoid unveracity by not pretending to be true statements of reality, and by openly professing to be only faithful translations of moods, interpretations of emotion and of conviction. In more senses than one, creeds are but the symbols of the Church. The older they are and the more hallowed by sacred use, the better fitted are they to serve as symbols. Personally, I shouldn't have the slightest scruple about declaiming the Athanasian Creed with a triumphant voice if it were an effectual symbol and not a frivolous novelty. It jars on the trained liturgical ear with all the crudeness of modernity, and prevents the use of the older symbols of the New Testament times, except at the cost of painful discord. The true ground for rejecting these comparatively new-fangled and trivial dogmas is that they clash horribly with the more ancient voice of the Apostolic Age."

He was not really interested in the controversy, and spoke wildly, and with the bitterness of one following a lost ideal.

"You remember," said *Free Catholic*, after a pause, "how Martineau, in those great letters on 'The Unitarian Position' and 'Church-Life?—or Sect-Life?' in Vol. II. of his Essays, maintained the possibility, nay, the inevitableness, of a *succession* of different types of doctrine in the Church, but he never contemplated the *co-existence* of opposite beliefs, say Trinitarian and Unitarian. May we not now definitely attempt something more ambitious? On the one hand, modern Trinitarianism has diffused itself into a vague philosophical speculation; and on the other, modern Agnosticism has become humbly reverent, and, so to speak, God-fearing."

"You mean," said the *Literary Man*, "that just as a Quaker silence is a positive and not a negative thing, being too full of eloquence to submit to the obscurity of words, so modern Agnosticism is too full of faith and religious emotion to tolerate so mean a thing as a theological affirmation?"

"Put it as you will," said *Free Catholic*, "only it seems to me that we may now adventure not merely on a *successive development*, but also on a *present comprehension*, and even a present reconciliation of doctrines. The time is ripe for us of the freer faith to declare openly that what we really belong to by affinity of spirit is not Unitarianism, or Trinitarianism—let us ignore and even repudiate both—but Liberal Religion."

"Do you forget Essex Hall?" asked *Advanced*.

"I would in a crisis forget things more terrifying than Essex Hall," said *Free Catholic*, with some heat. "We must have courage enough to abandon the craven desire to capture and possess the Liberal Movement; we must seek to be great enough to let the Liberal Movement capture and utterly possess us like a call from God."

He stopped for a moment to check a rising earnestness, and then went on: "Think of the thousands of honest religious men outside all Churches, who are outside precisely because they are honest. They might be with us if we gave up our miserable Unitarian ambition, and gave them to understand our free catholic basis. That is one reason why we yearn with some passion for a comprehensive Church, that shall be in sincerity and in truth a free fellowship of the Spirit. We want to work, and worship, and organise on the principle—honoured in speech, profaned in act—that Christianity is not a creed or a dogma, but a life and a spirit. And, further, we want to break with a misleading name, and secure another name which shall plainly indicate what we stand for. I believe we should then attain not only to a greater unity of spirit, but also to what I don't lay much stress on, greater unanimity of opinion. Doesn't it strike you as a significant thing that these Scotch theologians by attempting, in the past, a coercion of thought, have now attained only to a strife of tongues; while scientific men, by faith in the victoriousness of truth, and by a consistent freedom of thought, have attained to a practical unanimity of opinion."

"Delightful paradox!" exclaimed the *Literary Man*, gaily. "Here's *Ecclesiastic* believing in unanimity of opinion and adopting compulsory standards—the sure means of missing it. And here's *Free Catholic* pooh-poohing unanimity of opinion and adopting the precise scientific method of producing it. The infallible way of attaining your end is strenuously to disbelieve in it."

The discussion ceased, but *Free Catholic*, speaking more to himself than to his friends, added: "Neither circumcision nor uncircumcision availeth anything, but a new creation. The greatest need of our day is not to re-interpret the old theology, but to re-experience the old religion." J. M. LLOYD THOMAS.

The Larger View of Incarnation.

The Deity of Jesus is not passing away by any mode of denial or negation. It disapears through a larger faith. Do you believe that God is our Father? Do you believe that we all share the same nature which was in the prophets and the heroes? Is it true that we are "of one blood," and thus in a true sense brothers? Is it, therefore, in all of us to live the life of the children of God? Then we do not deny that Jesus was a Son of God and thus divine. We say more: we say the same of everyone who shows a gleam of righteousness or of goodwill in his life. Wherever we see goodness we see the face of God. We do not believe that there is less of the Deity incarnated in one man than others. We believe in more of Deity to be revealed in the world than has ever been seen. Else this world cannot be God's world. Liken the beauty of Jesus' life, if you please, to the largest diamond ever seen. It may be that no diamond will ever be found so large as the Kohinur, but the times come on apace when every one can see or even possess a diamond. Thus the narrow and exclusive idea of Jesus' Deity is outgrown, because something larger and more inspiring is already taking its place. Every noble biography, and every honourable, good life, makes us believe in the deity of manhood, and stirs us to be worthy of the divine heritage common to all men. C. F. DOLE.

The Browning's First Home.

Mr. Dowden, in his admirable life of Browning, just published, gives a charming picture of the early days in that wonderful romance, the married life of Mr. and Mrs. Browning. They made their first home at Pisa, close to the Duomo. The repose of the city, "asleep," as Dickens described it, in the sun and the secluded life—a perpetual *tête-á-tête*, but one so happy—suited both the wedded friends; days of cloudless weather, following a spell of rain, went by in "reading, and writing, and talking of all things in heaven and earth, and a little besides; and sometimes even laughing as if we had twenty people to laugh with us, or rather *hadn't*." Their sole acquaintance was an Italian Professor of the University; for three months they never looked at a newspaper; then a loophole on the world was opened each evening by the arrival of the *Siècle*. "The lizards were silent friends of one poet, and golden oranges gleamed over the walls to the unaccustomed eyes of the other, like sunshine gathered into globes. They wandered through pine-woods and drove until the purple mountains seemed not far off. At the Lanfranchi Palace they thought of Byron, to see a curl of whose hair, or a glove from whose hand, Browning declares (so foolish was he and ignorant) he would have gone farther than to see all Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Southey condensed, in Rosicrucian fashion, into a vial. In the Campo Santo they listened to a musical mass for the dead. In the Duomo they heard the Friar preach. And early in the morning their dreams were scattered by the harmonious clangour of the church bells." . . . . "I never was happy before in my life," wrote Mrs. Browning. Her husband relieved her of all housekeeping anxieties. At two o'clock came a light dinner—perhaps thrushes and chianti—from the *trattoria;* at six appeared coffee and milk rolls; at nine, when the pine-fire blazed, roast chestnuts and grapes. Debts there were none to vex the spirits of these prudent children of genius. If a poet could not pay his butchers and bakers, Browning's sympathies were all with the butchers and bakers. "He would not shop," wrote his wife, "if an unpaid bill dragged itself by chance into another week;" and elsewhere,—"Being descended from the blood of all the Puritans, and educated by the strictest of Dissenters, he has a sort of horror about the dreadful fact of owing five shillings five days."

* * * * * * *

It was at Pisa that the highest evidence of his wife's powers as a poet came as an unexpected and wonderful gift to her husband. In a letter of December, 1845—more than a year since—she had confessed that she was idle; and yet "silent" was a better word, she thought, than "idle." Her apology was that the Apostle Paul probably did not work hard at tent-making during the week that followed his hearing of the unspeakable things. At the close of a letter written on July 22nd, 1846,* she wrote: "You shall see some day at Pisa what I will not show you now. Does not Solomon say that 'there is a time to read what is written?' If he doesn't, he ought." The time to read had now come. "One day, early in 1847, as Mr. Gosse records what was told to him by Browning, "their breakfast being over, Mrs. Browning went upstairs, while her husband stood at the window watching the street till the table should be cleared. He was presently aware of someone behind him, although the servant was gone. It was Mrs. Browning, who held him by the shoulder to prevent him from turning to look at her, and at the same time pushed a packet of papers into the pocket of his coat. She told him to read that, and to tear it up if he did not like it; and then she fled again to her own room. The papers were a transcript of those ardent love poems which we know as "Sonnets from the Portuguese." They reveal the deep and passionate affection of the poet's wife for her husband, and in them, at the same time, she reveals her genius at its best.

Two Thoughts.

When I reflect how small a space I fill
In this great teeming world of labourers,
How little I can do with strongest will,
How marred that little by most hateful blurs—
The fancy overwhelms me, and deters
My soul from putting forth so poor a skill:
Let me be counted with those worshippers
Who lie before God's altar and are still.
But then I think (for healthier moments come)
This power of will, this natural force of hand,—
What do they mean, if the working be not wise?
Forbear to weigh thy work, O Soul! Arise,
And join thee to that nobler, sturdier band,
Whose worship is not idle, fruitless, dumb.

ED. CRACROFT LEFROY.

* They were married on September 12th, 1846.

Our Hymn Writers.

II.

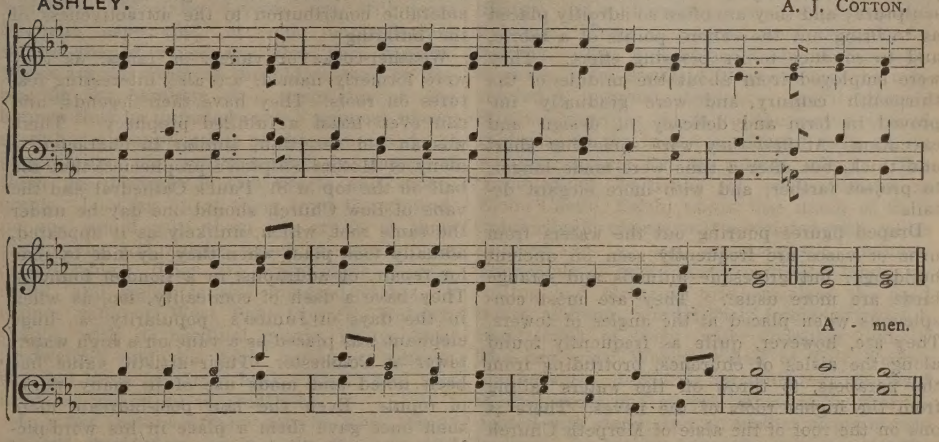
JAMES MONTGOMERY (1771-1854).

James Montgomery was born at Irvine, Ayrshire, where his father, a Moravian minister, had settled. Afterward his parents removed to Ireland, and in 1783 went as missionaries to the West Indies, leaving their son at a Moravian School in Yorkshire. Here fiction and secular poetry were forbidden, but the boy nevertheless found means of borrowing and reading a good deal, including Burns' poems. He even began to write poetry himself, and planned two epics in the Miltonic mode. But the Brethren had no thought of encouraging the budding verse-maker. They apprenticed him to a baker, from whom James ran away and took a situation in a shop. Commercial life, however, was too irksome for him, and at last he found an opening in the office of a Sheffield newspaper, of which he soon became editor, and subsequently proprietor. Writing in days when Radical opinions were held to be dangerous to the State, he twice suffered imprisonment for printing what was called "revolutionary" matter, but which now would be thought very mild fare indeed. But the whirligig of time brings its revenges, and in old age he was in receipt of a pension of £200 a year from the Government for distinguished literary services.

As a poet we are not here concerned with Montgomery's place and reputation. No one can forget the scathing review of his poems by Macaulay in the *Edinburgh Magazine*, although *Blackwood* spoke favourably, and Lord Byron admiringly. But as a hymn-writer he holds a very high position among the singers of the Church. Once asked, "Which of your poems will live?" he replied, "None, sir; nothing except perhaps a few of my hymns." He was a shrewd critic of himself as well as others. His three most popular hymns are "Hail to the Lord's Anointed," "For ever with the Lord," and "Sow in the morn thy seed." His hymns are marked by great simplicity of expression, and are eminently singable. Each has "a central, creative thought, shaping for itself melodious utterance, and with every detail subordinate to its harmonius utterance." Of this condition of a good hymn, laid down by himself, a good illustration will be found in "Prayer is the soul's sincere desire." Nor will "Faith, Hope, and Charity—these three," or "God is my strong salvation," to say nothing of "There is a calm for those who weep," or "Servant of God, well done," be soon forgotten. Judged by the number of his hymns still in common use, it would seem as if he would outlive Isaac Watts. While Martineau's "Hymnary" has 49 of Watts's, it has 68 of Montgomery's. The Essex Hall Collection has only seven by Watts, whereas it includes 15 by Montgomery. Hunter's "Hymns of Faith and Duty" gives the same number against nine of the elder poet's, while Horder has 29. It is not difficult to account for the greater popularity of Montgomery. He has a truer ear for the music of verse than Watts, and his hymns are rarely doctrinal. He does not make the mistake of treating a hymn as if it were a sermon, and an exposition of Evangelical "views." He knew that the intrusion of dogma into verse nearly always turned it into doggerel. He was content to sing the universal things of religion without tacking on to them the theology of a school, an age, or a church. Hence the remarkable Catholicity of most of his hymns.

Faith's Assurance.

ASHLEY. A. J. COTTON.



mf 1 Life nor death shall us dissever
From His love who reigns for ever:
Will He fail us? never! never!
When to Him we cry!

p 2 Wily sin may seek to snare us;
Fury-passion strive to tear us;
Toil and sorrow waste and wear us:—
Is no helper nigh?

f 3 Yes! His might shall still defend us;
And His blessèd love, befriend us;
And His holy spirit send us
Comfort ere we die. BISHOP HEBER.

Gargoyles and Vanes.

When we look up to the rows and rows of long level sky-lines made by the ridges of our roof-tops, it is pleasant to note their monotony occasionally broken by crest-tiles of an ornamental character. Few of us are aware of the pre-historic ancestry of these decorative ridges. In the old time before us, roofs were covered with sods or thatch, and out of these primitive materials grew weeds and wild flowers, as their seeds were borne on to them by the winds, or carried to them by birds, which gave to their outlines the flowery effect these ornamental ridge-tiles try to reproduce for us. There are, moreover, some other features on our roofs well worthy of notice.

Let us look at some of the old rain-water spouts, or gargoyles. It is only recently that the word "gargoyle" has found its way into our dictionaries. Even technical glossaries of repute passed it over a few years ago. But now it is not only included, but chosen for illustration in lexicographical works that are enlivened with wood-cuts. This advance in public estimation is probably the result of the exceptional wave in the waters of sanitary science now passing over us, which has drawn attention to the manner our ancestors made provision for the limitation of one of the evils with which they had to contend. We find our predecessors not only contrived a means to prevent the damp that would have ensued if rain-water had not been diverted from falling off their roofs into the foundations of their buildings, but so treated these discharging spout-heads from their gutters as to make them give considerable ornamentation. The application of the term "gargoyle" to these contrivances is said to be due to the dragon-like character that was first given to them, coupled with the fact that there was a particular dragon known by that name that kept the district round Rouen in trepidation. Directly these fantastic spouts came into use they were treated as works of art, in so far as two were never

made alike. Those who have studied the subject aver that many of them are fine works of sculpture; and they are often so adroitly placed as to bring out the salient points of a fabric, and to conduce to its pleasing effect. They were employed from about the middle of the thirteenth century, and were gradually improved in form and delicacy of design and execution. At first they were somewhat short and thick, but after a time were made longer, to project farther, and with more elegant details.

Draped figures pouring out the waters from urns or vases are frequently seen on ancient buildings; but grotesque animals and strange birds are more usual. They are most conspicuous when placed at the angles of towers. They are, however, quite as frequently found along the aisles of churches, protruding from the parapets, to throw off the waters falling from the higher roofs of the naves. There is one on the roof of the aisle of Morpeth Church in which the rain pours out of a vessel held by a female figure. There are many ancient examples in Yorkshire churches, as at Bedale, Wensley, and Spennithorne. They form interesting features below the parapets of Pope's Tower at Stanton Harcourt, as well as on the church close by, peering down into the ripe old garden and scanning the distant country. In the quaint nook in the ancient city of Wells called the Vicars' Close, which is approached through a hoary archway rich with sculptured ornamentation as hoary and impressive, there are several elaborately carved gargoyles looking down from the embattled and open-work parapets of a neighbouring roof upon the placid length of the close and upon the gabled fronts of the vicars' houses with their charming oriels, one of which represents a hooded monk with a roll in his hand, from which the waters issue. There are examples in Northamptonshire, in Somerset, at Lostwithiel in Cornwall, and, in fine, in most counties. In France and Italy they are still more numerous. Nor has "the modern," as we have been called, discarded them. They help to make up the picturesque outlines of the superb chalet in Northumberland known as Cragside. Craning their long necks above the roof-tops of various parts of the structure, curious creatures look over the rocky steeps, the rock-formed steps in the banks, the cascading and eddying burns, their fern-clad banks, the sweeps of choicest heather, the flowery walks, and the great silent stone-strewn moor encircling the grounds, with considerable contribution to the attractiveness of the building

Weather-cocks or vanes, or fanes, as they were formerly named, are also interesting features on roofs. They have their legends, and can even boast a fulfilled prophecy. There was an old assertion, similar in character to many of Mother Shipton's prophecies, that the ball on the top of St. Paul's Cathedral and the vane of Bow Church should one day be under the same roof, which, unlikely as it appeared, actually took place when they lay side by side for repair, or additions, in a London foundry. They have a dash of comicality, too, as when in the days of Jumbo's popularity a huge elephant was placed as a vane on a high water-tower at Colchester. Their artistic value has been noted and made use of in many works of repute. Even the late poet-laureate more than once gave them a place in his word-pictures. In *Walking to the Mail*, John asks: "Whose house is that I see?" And goes on to explain:

> "No, not the county member's with the vane:
> Up higher with the yew-tree by it and half
> A score of gables."

And in *The Letters* the first line reads, "Still on the tower stood the vane." In *Aylmer's Field*, too, there is mention of a blazing wyvern that "weather-cock'd the spire."

Longfellow, likewise, used them often as touches of enrichment. The Academy on the Hill of Science, in the *Poet's Tale*, has a belfry crowned with a "vane of brass;" the village church spire, in *The Children of the Lord's Supper*, is tipped with a vane of metal; Paul Revere "saw the gilded weather-cock swim in the moonlight" when he galloped into Lexington; sunsets gilded the vanes on the chimneys in the little village of Grand Pré; and on the farm-buildings of Benedict Bellefontaine, over the thatched roofs and the corn-lofts and the dovecots, "in the variant breezes numberless noisy weather-cocks rattled and sang of mutation." And it would be easy to lengthen this list from the pages of other poets. The cock is regarded as a representative of the one that crowed on the morning that Peter denied his Master, by those who find types in all architectural features. The instrument of martyrdom of the patron saints of some churches are

chosen for vanes, as in the case of the gridiron of St. Lawrence at Bishopstone Church, Herefordshire. Heraldic devices are still more frequent, especially on old manor-houses. Banner-shaped vanes are also very general. These are survivals of the old custom of displaying the heraldry of a proprietor on the banner that he unfurled on his topmost tower, or rather an application of the same mode of proclaiming his proprietorship, as many of them are perforated with crests and monograms. Looking up at them from the ground, no one would give them the credit of their dimensions and weight, which are really very considerable. They are often made of gun-metal, and weigh several hundredweights. A copper vane on West Vale Church, Halifax, weighs, with its cardinal points, twelve hundredweight, and the cock measures between two and three feet from beak to tail; and this is by no means an unusual size.

In a few instances there may be seen, standing out shadowless against the sky, on the roofs of ancient castles, stone figures of men, life-sized, hurling down stones, or discharging arrows, or in other ways taking part in the defence of the fortress. These are thought to have been placed there to give an appearance of a good strong garrison, and to confuse besiegers when taking aim at such of the beleaguered as manned the walls. They are to be seen both in England and Scotland, and they have been noted as well on ancient town gateways. There are a score or more of these stone warriors on the roofs of the towers of Alnwick Castle. Some of them stand on the coping of the battlemented parapets; and they stood there, looking down into the courtyards, or bailleys, when three Plantagenet kings successively rode under the deep-ribbed archways of the entrance gateways, and, dismounting, strode into the thick-walled chambers of the keep of the ancient Percies; for they are of great antiquity. They are not only on such of the towers as are easily approached, but upon those defending the innermost courtyard. Some carry shields; some have crossbows; some have lifted large stones shoulder-high; others appear to be merely watching. No two of these are alike, as in the case of gargoyles.

The outlines of the gables of some roofs, instead of being two slanting lines forming an angle more or less acute, are made in steps. This form is called step-gabled in England, and corbie-gabled in Scotland; and it possesses an old-fashioned charm, combining movement, dignity, and a pleasant air as of salutation and welcome. There are several good examples in Norfolk. The real home of the corbie-steps, however, is in Scotland, where it may be considered a national feature. Argyll House, Stirling, owes as much to the corbie-stepped gables as to the high cone-shaped roofs on its staircase towers for its quaint effect. The corbelled-out bartisans of such edifices as Elcho Castle, Perth, would lose much of their indescribable character if associated with gables finished in a less characteristic manner. Thousands of brave Scots in distant lands, recalling and picturing to themselves the auld house at home, amidst their foreign surroundings, think of them with indelible delight. The first view Waverley had of Tully-Veolan manor-house, it will be remembered, consisted of steep roofs and narrow gables with lines indented with steps; and on further acquaintance he saw, projecting from the roof among the bartisans and turrets, gargoyles in the form of the bears which were so lavishly used to decorate the building. And, although this is not a sketch of any particular mansion, Sir Walter Scott tells us he has incorporated in it the peculiarities of various old Scottish seats, and especially features to be found in the ancient houses of Warrender upon Bruntsfield Links, Old Ravelston, Dean near Edinburgh, Grandtully, and perhaps Traquair. The great word-painter has not omitted to mention there was a gilded bear there, too, "by way of vane."

So far, we have glanced only at the old-world relics upon our roofs. Over and above these we have various presentments of our own progress. On some roofs we may see anemometers, their balls "swimming in the moonlight" like the vane Paul Revere saw as he galloped into Lexington, or languidly poised in the golden sunshine, or tearing round and round in tempests; on others we may seen lightning conductors. There is an anemometer, for instance, on the summit of the highest tower of the keep of Alnwick Castle, high above the heads of the stone warriors mentioned as guarding the roofs of many of the lower towers around it, as well as a lightning conductor. There are long lines of telegraph wires, the gossamers of modern invention, stretched across the roofs of thousands of our houses; and telephone and electric lightning wires are becoming equally general.

Just as there is "a soul above the soul of each which yet to each belongs," as the poet has it, so there is above our streets and above our roof-tops, frequented only by the birds of the air, a strange city of gargoyles, vanes, statues, lightning conductors, fire-escapes, ventilators, advertisements, signboards, and miles and miles of wires, crossing and re-crossing, veiled in "the curling smoke" of chimneys, with legends and traditions and poetry of its own. SARAH WILSON.

Notes and Jottings.

The beginning of October is a time of outlook for the Churches. There is fresh eagerness in their life, and the sense of a new opportunity. Even the familiar routine has an unwonted charm about it. Some ministers have confessed to us that they go away for the summer holiday tired and almost glad to give up preaching; but braced muscles and the autumn air bring back the old craving to speak the word. The welcome home and the fresh insight into the meaning of a church and all the possibilities of its life are among the uncovenanted mercies of a holiday.

Of new plans of work on a large scale we have heard little, and perhaps it is well. We need to develop our resources and to intensify our life. Perhaps nothing cripples our religious influence more than an over-strained consciousness of difference from other people. Often it takes the form of intellectual conceit or a rather foolish pity for the unenlightened. What we share with all Christian people is of vastly more importance than the things which keep us apart. Possibly we have thought too much of propagating a theology and too little of saving men from their sins and bringing them under the influence of the light and peace of the Gospel. The world takes very little interest in "our views," and does not believe in approaching religion chiefly through its intellect. It will listen only to the men who can speak to the real needs of the soul. It wants preachers with a message, and is intolerant of all others. It is just possible that in all this the world is very wise.

We have been haunted sometimes by a curious suspicion. It is that when all is said and done we are, in the eyes of other people, the most theological of the sects. Of course, we profess exactly the reverse. The spirit is before the letter, we are saved by character and not by creed, religion is doing good, these are among our common-places; and we believe them with some indolent satisfaction because they are so obvious. But how intolerant we can be of old-fashioned opinions, and forms of religious statement with which we do not happen to agree! For some reason or other the spread of enlightened views arouses more interest among us than the distinctly evangelistic work of preaching and seeking and saving the lost. There are large fields of Christian enterprise which we hardly attempt to occupy. Whether this is right, or necessary, or inevitable, we do not intend to discuss; we only suggest it as a fit subject for autumn meditation; but we need not be surprised if people who have been accustomed to the warmth of other enthusiasms sometimes find us cold.

In this connection it may be well to ask ourselves whether we make the best use of the evening service. The fashion of giving lectures on literary and kindred subjects has grown so strong, that many of us hardly believe in the possibility of anything else, if we are to draw a congregation. Has this attempt to edify by lectures much in common with Christian preaching? Is it a confession on our part that we have no clear religious message to deliver? Here again it might be well for us to examine our habits, and ask ourselves questions, and try to measure ourselves by the standards and aims of the great masters of preaching; and then, if we are content, to go on as before.

We hear rumours of the approaching completion of a new hymn and tune book. We hope that it will prove to be the book which has been wanted for a long time among us, rich in popular hymns and good music. If so, its success will be assured, in spite of the number of competitors in the field. It ought to be possible for us to have a hymn book which should do for our services and homes what

"Hymns Ancient and Modern" has done for the Church of England. Much will depend upon its power of expressing the common loyalties and affections of Christian worship rather than the solitary musings of individual souls. Quite as much will depend upon the music. Many a poor hymn has found its way heavenward on the wings of a good tune.

Spiritual Liberty.*

(THE SCOTTISH CASE.)

Churches, like individuals, are slow to learn the lesson and full import of liberty. Even Churches that have battled nobly for freedom, and suffered much to win it, have been afraid to trust it completely. The Protestant Reformation, in one aspect of it, was a great and victorious effort for freedom of thought and its expression. Yet, having won it, Protestantism immediately set to work forging new fetters for opinion. In the end it only exchanged one kind of bondage for another, a coil of knotted ropes in the shape of "Confessions of Faith" for the ancient fetters of creeds, an infallible book for an infallible Church, a new orthodoxy for the old. It heeded not the voice of the very Paul whom it claimed as its peculiar apostle: "Be not entangled again in a yoke of bondage." To think differently from Geneva, Westminster, or Heidelberg, was to incur pains and penalties.

To-day these things are receiving a new emphasis from what is happening in Scotland. I happened to be at Braemar when the decision of the House of Lords on the United Free Church case was made public, and I attended service the following Sunday — that historic Sunday for Scotland, when it became the duty of a thousand ministers or more to read in public a letter from their governing body informing the congregations that they had lost their church-buildings, their manses, their schools, their invested funds, their colleges, their missions, their all of property, representing a capital sum of ten millions of money, and that the decision of the House of Lords had handed over this vast estate to the charge and administration of some four-and-twenty Highland ministers, who were declared to be the true Free Church. One must have been in Scotland to understand the excitement, the dismay, the consternation, the breathless amazement caused by this decision. The heather took fire. Our minister, a most capable man and powerful preacher, rose to the occasion, urging calmness, patience, and prayer under the heavy blow which had fallen upon them. The whole thing seems incredible. That at this time of day a thousand ministers should be turned out of their manses, a thousand congregations out of their churches, that a powerful and living religious community should be dispossessed of every sixpence of its property, and all because of a slight difference on two points—one ecclesiastical and one theological, and the latter a point of great difficulty and obscurity—is a matter of profoundest concern for British Churches everywhere, free and established. Yet it may truly be said, these men, or this church, brought the judgment upon itself by unfaithfulness to the idea of liberty. It is necessary to remember how the Free Church of Scotland came into being. In the early part of the 19th century there arose in the Established Church of Scotland a fierce dispute as to the right of congregations to a voice in the appointment of their own ministers. Objectionable men, sometimes men of loose character, had been forced upon churches by the Crown. Congregations claimed at least the right of veto, the Crown insisted on its own nominees, and after not a few disgraceful scenes, a case was taken into court and the Crown won the victory. As a result there followed the famous disruption of '43, when more than 400 ministers, headed by Dr. Chalmers, walked out of the Assembly of the Scottish Church, and founded a new Church, significantly called "THE FREE." Their watchword was "Spiritual Liberty," the right of the Church to govern itself and manage its own affairs. It was a noble cry, and was nobly taken up; great sacrifices were made for this liberty; the fetters of the State were thrown off, and the new Church started on its career full of high hopes, which have been splendidly fulfilled. But, alas! these men committed themselves to one fatal danger. Having won their liberty they immediately began to put

* Part of an Address delivered at the Old Meeting Church, Birmingham, on Sunday, September 11, 1904.

restrictions upon it, and ordained for their ministers, officers, and members a religious test. Men must subscribe to the Westminster Confession, and the Westminster Confession was included in their Model Trust Deed, so that no property could be held and enjoyed, no church-building, no manse, no school, no college, no hall, except by persons who could fairly toe the line of this doctrinal condition. Seeing it was accompanied by no provision for re-consideration, it made freedom of thought and its expression, growth, development, and progress impossible. But the spirit of the age could not be resisted. Ministers and members alike began to feel the rigid language of the Westminster Confession to be an intolerable burden. Its definitions were too narrow for a living Church. For as Oliver Wendell Holmes once said, "If you plant oak-trees in flower-pots *some day it will be bad for the pots!*" Especially did the doctrines of Election and Predestination become a stumbling-block and an offence. Thought could not be repressed, the expression of thought could not be restrained. The whole Church, with the exception of a very small minority, had moved away from those frightful doctrines, so dishonouring to God, so cruel to man, and in 1892 a Declaratory Act was adopted and issued by the Free Church Assembly, in which these doctrines received a new and milder interpretation. Truth to tell, this Act was a very timid thing, a mere nibbling at the question, intended not to open the gates into a wider freedom, but to soothe over-sensitive consciences by a kind of theological opiate. A dozen ministers left the Church, and another four-and-twenty, without leaving, presented a formal protest. On the other hand, more than 1000 ministers and Churches received this new interpretation with enthusiastic joy as providing a solution of a painful situation. Then followed, in 1900, the long-desired union with the United Presbyterian Church, the two bodies joining hands in one powerful community. The protesting minority of twenty-four against the mitigation of belief eight years earlier again protested, and this time carried the matter into the courts of law. Defeated in Scotland, they appealed to the House of Lords, where they were unexpectedly successful. The Lord Chancellor, who seemed to enjoy playing at ball with the word, "Predestination," laid it down that a Church had no right to alter any one of the doctrines on which it was founded in the least iota; that the Free Church having done so by the Declaratory Act, had thereby ceased to be the Free Church at all, and ceased to have any right or interest in the property held under the Model Trust-Deed. The Church, by its own act in setting up a theological test, and including that test in its Trusts as a condition of their benefit, really brought this terrible disaster upon itself.

More questions than one, some of them absurd and some serious, are raised by this decision. It is absurd to think that four-and-twenty Highland ministers with their congregations ("Wee Frees" is the witty name they have received in the newspapers), should have the control of 10 millions worth of property and be called to supply new ministers for 1100 Churches, professors for three colleges, and 300 missionaries for the stations abroad. Turn the present congregations out of their Churches, and the "Wee Frees" cannot even raise the money to pay the ground rents and rates, amounting to £40,000 a year. But there are more serious matters. This decision has raised the whole question of the dead hand, the right of men to bind up property for all time with the theological definitions of a particular time. It has revealed the painful inability of all Churches with doctrinal trusts and theological tests to move or change in the least degree without losing every stick and stone of their estate. It is said that the Lord Chancellor's decision does not touch the question of spiritual independence, that is of Religious Liberty. The Church still has perfect liberty to think and express itself. That is a mere quibble There is no true liberty of thought and utterance when it is followed by pains and penalties. Liberty of thought and its expression is the right to move forward in thought and expression without suffering loss of goods by process of law. Really, there is no difference in principle between the law which once said, "You may change your opinions in Religion if you like, but if you do and give them utterance, you will go to the stake," and the law which says, "You may change your opinions in Religion if you like, but if you do and give

them utterance, your Church will lose its property." Bishop Gore, in a letter to the *Times*, states with admirable frankness this feature of the case:—

"That Churches should be tied by a law of Trusts never to vary their convictions, as expressed in formulas or constitutional methods, except at the risk of losing legal continuity and the corporate property that goes with such continuity, seems to me to be a state of things from which every lover of truth or freedom ought to shrink. I cannot but think it is a grave moral disaster that our law should be such as to lay a dead hand upon a process of normal, intellectual and spiritual growth in an important and noble religious community."

These are admirable words although, considering whence they come, no little astonishing. The law exists for the community, and not the community for the law. There are on the Statute-book to-day unrepealed laws which, if interpreted and enforced in the spirit of recent decisions, would put a good many of us in jail. People have not troubled to repeal them because they are so manifestly outgrown. And it is clear that the community has outgrown a law of Trusts which can inflict such a monstrous wrong as this upon a great and living Church. Yet, if it teaches men what Spiritual Liberty really means, it may turn out to be an unqualified blessing.

Churches like ours remain untouched by what has happened. You and I, as minister and people, are tied to no scheme of doctrine by legal trusts. Wittingly or unwittingly our fathers left this Church free to follow whereso-ever the light of truth might lead. We are committed to no schedule of dogmas. Our fortunes are not bound up with any sect or denomination. While we have our sympathies, which lead us to associate more closely with some Churches rather than others, we are absolutely free from all denominational control, and from all fetters of the past. Ours is a truly Catholic Church. We are no sect. Sects have barriers; we have none. The doors are open. We ask no man as to his opinion; we question no man's belief; all are welcome here who seek truth, who hunger and thirst after righteousness, who hold that to be just and merciful, to be loyal to conscience, to be humane, sincere, magnanimous and kind, is to be not far from the Kingdom.

But whether some of our Societies, whether our great Association itself, the B. & F. as it is called, may not some day find itself in a parlous condition owing to this decision seems very doubtful. So it becomes us to join with other Churches in an attempt to secure from Parliament an enabling Act which shall permit Churches and Societies, under proper conditions, to revise from time to time their trusts.

JOSEPH WOOD.

Guild News.

The Council of the Guilds' Union have resolved to continue the Prize Essay Scheme for a third year, but under modified conditions, to meet the practical difficulties which have arisen. Many of the younger members of our Guilds have refrained from essay-writing, in the fear and consciousness that they stood no chance in competition with those much older than themselves. Others have been deterred by the feeling that they stood no chance in comparison with those whose educational advantages were much superior to their own. These are real and practical difficulties, and to meet them the Council have decided:—1st: To divide the prizes into two sections, senior and junior. Prizes in each subject will be given for those 18 years of age and under, and prizes in each subject for those above that age limit. This will enable our younger members to enter without the crushing consciousness that they are pitting themselves against members of, let us say, 30 years of age. 2nd: The local minister will in each case be asked to send a confidental report on the educational position of each competitor, as it is manifestly unfair that one whose educational advantages have been few should be judged by the same standard as a graduate of a university. 3rd: One-half the prizes will be awarded in each section to those whose essays stand absolutely highest in order of merit, apart from all other considerations, and one-half in view of the conditions laid down in No. 2. Under these conditions every painstaking competitor, old or young, has a chance for a prize. Further, every meritorious effort will be recognised, either by a prize or a certificate of merit. All essays must be sent in *without signatures*, but under a motto, the name and motto to be enclosed in a separate envelope. Essays must be sent through the President of each Guild, and should be forwarded to the Rev. Gordon Cooper, B.A., the Parsonage, Mansford Street, Bethnal Green, London, E., by March 31st, 1905.

SUBJECTS FOR ESSAYS (1904-5).

1. THE LIFE AND WORK OF JOHN WESLEY.
   Text-book, "Wesley's Journal."

2. GOD IN NATURE.
   Text-book, Crosskey's "Method of Creation."

3. THE SECOND ISAIAH (Ch. 40 to the end). *Text-book*, M. Arnold's "Great Prophecy of Israel's Restoration."

Editions of these Text-books can be obtained from Essex Hall at 1s. each.

News from the Field.

The Bridport congregation has given a hearty "welcome-home" to the *Rev. H. S. Solly*, after an absence of six months, spent chiefly abroad. During the larger part of his absence his pulpit has been occupied with great acceptance by the *Rev. Felix Taylor*. The *Rev. A. A. Charlesworth* has also returned from a lengthy tour on the Continent, and will doubtless be eagerly sought after by churches wanting a capable minister and a fine preacher.

The *Rev. R. McGee* has resigned the pulpit of Colne, having accepted an invitation to the North Shore Church at Blackpool.

A plot of 3595 square yards of land has been added to the chapel grounds of Hyde Chapel, Gee Cross. The ground was promised by the late *Mr. P. P. Brocklehurst*, but the transaction has been only recently completed.

New Bridge Street Church, Manchester, which dates from 1838, is to be sold by auction. The congregation has been steadily decreasing, the locality being less residential than formerly, and almost entirely Jewish.

Miss Von Petzfold began her ministry at Marlborough Road Free Christian Church, Leicester, on Sunday, September 4th. There were large congregations at both services. We heartily welcome this new departure in the history of our churches. There is surely a place and a work in our ministry for cultivated and earnest women, and we know no one so likely to prove it as Miss Von Petzfold.

An impressive service was held at Upper Chapel, Sheffield, on Sunday morning, September 4th, in connection with the induction of the *Rev. H. Dawtrey, B.A.*, of Manchester College, Oxford, as assistant minister to the *Rev. C. J. Street, M.A.* The charge was given by the *Rev. A. Gordon, M.A.*, and the welcome into the ministry by *Mr. Street*. *Mr. Dawtrey* suitably responded. On the following day a meeting to welcome *Mr. Dawtrey* was held in the Vestry Hall, Attercliffe, where *Mr. Dawtrey* will act as Curate-in-Charge of the Attercliffe Mission, under the direction of *Mr. Street*.

A successful sale of work has been held at Scarborough, the gross receipts being £270. Our friend, the *Rev. John Ellis*, has entered upon his duties as District Minister of the Yorkshire United Union. He has pastoral oversight over some of the smaller churches, and will preach and lecture in towns where Unitarian Churches do not exist.

Rev. C. Travers has been welcomed to the pastorate of Preston Church. Councillor Parkinson presided, and Revs. Alex. Gordon, W. T. Lardge, H. V. Mills, J. J. Wright, J. C. Pollard, and J. D. Jackson took part.

Sir Edward Durning-Lawrence on Saturday, September 10th, laid the corner-stone of a centenary memorial building, to cost £1100, in association with Knight Hill Church, Padiham.

The Harvest Festivals in connection with our churches are far too numerous for separate notice. They are a welcome innovation upon our ordinary services.

The *Rev. J. H. Wicksteed, M.A.*, has resigned the office of Missionary Minister to the London District Unitarian Society, which he has held for the last two years. Mr. Wicksteed has rendered good service in London, where he will be greatly missed.

The *Rev. and Mrs. Ceredig Jones* have received a hearty "Welcome-home" at Bradford after their wedding tour. A presentation of an address, with gold watch and chain, was made to Mr. Jones.

We record with regret the death of *Dr. Hugh Hyndman*, of Belfast. Dr. Hyndman was a member of the second congregation, a most loyal and devoted Unitarian, and a conspicuous citizen. He will be greatly missed in Belfast, and by a large circle of friends.

God and a Day.

BY EDWARD A. CHURCH.

Consider but this single day's demands,
Its dower of work, its wage of smiles and tears
So rich with opportunity it stands!
One day, with God, is as a thousand years.

But when the clock of time shall cease to beat,
And Heaven's high call our answering hearts obey,
There waits a service and a rest so sweet
A thousand years shall pass as one bright day.

The Seed Sower.

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